

<sup>GC</sup>  
*Kama Sensations*



## Bosom Pals

*My friend claims he's found a safe, satisfying way to have sex. He started dating a girl who can have orgasms just from breast play. He says that all he has to do is rub his cock between her breasts and they can both have an orgasm safely. Is he putting me on, or could this be possible?—*

I have been blessed with big boobs and large supersensitive nipples, which I have often described as being directly connected to my clitoris by a hotline, but it takes the right man to make me come through my nipples alone. I have achieved orgasm at least three times recently this way but after a short bout of tit-fucking with a beautiful cock, I do tend to persuade its owner to put it in my pussy with all haste.

I have also known several women who can reach a climax simply by massaging their own breasts and nipples, but they seem to be few and far between. On the other hand, there are women whose bosoms are so insensitive they can barely be described as erogenous zones. I remember a boyfriend telling me how, when he was very young and inexperienced, he was groping his date in a taxi. After he'd fondled her tits for a while, she took off her bra,

which turned out to be heavily padded (known in those days as falsies). "As you seem to like them so much, you can have them," said the girl, handing him the brassiere.

On the whole (and in and around the hole), there are fewer women out there who are interested in having their tits kneaded like pizza dough than men would like to believe. When your friend says "safe." I assume he is averse to snaring bodily fluids, which may mean he doesn't suck—not even nipples I also find that men who boast about their conquests are often bullshitting and may not be quite such brilliant lovers as their anecdotes suggest. Maybe this girl has invented a clever way of keeping first dates out of her underpants and is faking. I notice he says "safe" and "satisfying," but he doesn't say "good."

I am often asked how I would define good sex. The best definition I ever heard was from a California sex therapist; it went something like this: "You're having good sex if you feel good about yourself, about your partner, and about what you're doing. If, after you've had time for reflection, you still feel good about it all, then you've had good sex". It need not include orgasm, or even intercourse, which can last from a few seconds to all night.



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## **Macho**

*When I was 22, I dated a voluptuous morena with the prettiest face I have ever seen. After some time we broke up because I was indomitable (untamable). Soon afterward I saw this dude dating her. I'd known him since we were children, but we'd never been close friends. Besides, you know how macho guys are—we think that no one should have a woman who once belonged to us, even if we no longer want her. I thought about saying something to him, but changed my mind once I came to the conclusion that it was no longer any of my business and that she was so pretty, it was the most natural thing to happen.*

*I was then dating another girl, a model look-alike, but we too broke up. Within two months the same dude was dating her, and the voluptuous morena was nowhere to be seen. That's when I really thought about putting him in check. But the friendship between our parents stopped me. Again I thought. This one is so pretty, it's just natural he too would like her.*

*I hadn't completely convinced myself, but I let it go. Then the same thing happened with two more girls I'd dated. I didn't dare ask him or the*

*girls about it. I didn't want them to know I spent a lot of time thinking about these "coincidences," or believing that I was jealous.*

*When I was 24, I married a lovely redhead. People say that all good essences come in small bottles, and this chaparrita (shorty) was absolutely beautiful, from head to toe. But she was jealous, and wasn't the only woman I was bedding, so after a year we decided to divorce.*

*Then I came to the United States. After a couple of years. I got into trouble and ended up in prison. It was there that I received a letter from my mom telling me that my ex-wife was getting married to the same dude who'd dated all my ex-girlfriends. It freaked me out, not because I cared about her getting married again, but because this guy had again tracked me down. Then I thought, fuck it, if he wants to come behind me and pick up my leftovers I don't care, but I'm not going to follow behind anybody else.*

*I just can't figure this out.*



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*Sometimes I think that maybe he has the same taste as I, but I really don't have a particular preference when it comes to women. We both lived in a big city where there were thousands of pretty women. Maybe he was trying to be like me, but we already resembled each other in that we both are tall, slim, brown-skinned, and handsome. Maybe he's just a lazy motherfucker and he liked the way the girls made love, because I was the first for three of them and everything they knew they learned from me. Or maybe it was just a game to him. It might just be my macho ego rising again.*

*It seems to me that the girls I treated badly he also treated badly, and the ones I treated with respect, he did as well. I know you are a wise woman and I hope you can tell me why a person would behave this way.—*

At the risk of being labeled racist. I will tell you that about 99 percent of Latin American males suffer from a mysterious complex that is now slowly

disappearing in Spam. It is called machismo a chrome attack of maleness based on over inflated ego and of *cojones* (balls to the rest of us).

One of my former lovers, a Latin of course, who prides himself on his power to control women (he describes himself as a *domador de mujeres*, and you know what that means), met another supermacho in the supermarket. "Hombre!" said Antonio "Long time no see. How's your woman?" "Fine," said Juan, "but she is not the woman you remember. I have a different woman. I change my women frequently" "That is very good." said Antonio, "and also very fair. It gives the other guys a chance. Good women should be kept in circulation."

Your idea, that if your ex-women find themselves new lovers then it somehow reflects on you, is Stone Age thinking. It is classifying the woman as a possession, like a piece of furniture. It also denies the woman the right to make up her own mind whom she wants.



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Your non-friend obviously respects your good taste in girlfriends, but he also has an advantage because he knows how you treated them. All he has to do to make it with one of your ex-women is be a bit nicer to them than you were, which clearly is not hard.

Maybe he allows them to bully him a bit, because they have had enough of the *Hera indomable* you are so proud to be. There is no room for a wild beast in the home, unless it is trained to be gentle.

Remember the old proverb "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." Rather than being your bête noir, this other dude is actually a fan of yours. He has found that your ex-chicas are good value, so every time you fuck up, he is there, waiting to pick up the pieces. As for you, if you want

a relationship to last, you have to learn to be a bit less unforgiving and a bit more tractable. (For *indomable*, substitute *asonable*)

Here is an anecdote I have quoted in the past, but since it is appropriate now too, you're going to hear it again. A Mexican friend of mine told me he had married a gorgeous blonde from California. "How is it to be married to a gringa?" I asked him. because knowing this aging macho, his marriage sounded like a recipe for disaster "It is perfect," he told me. "I have a little sentence of only four words, and when I tell her this it solves everything" I asked what the four words were They are "You are right, darling."



Vanna Sensations

## Story

My wife and I have been married for 14 years, and before that we dated for three. We'd both had sexual partners before we met, and while I'm not a stud, I was more experienced and open to new things. From what Teddi has told me about her past boyfriends, I have concluded that these guys were pretty self-centered when it came to sex and had only their own interests at heart. With patience and coaxing, my wife has become more willing to try new things. But nothing prepared me for what happened during one memorable weekend.

Adam and Lora, friends whom we've both known for years, were spending the weekend with us. Over drinks and dinner, I mentioned how Teddi had recently surprised me with some very erotic lap dances. I joked that if Adam was lucky, he might receive one later that evening. After dinner I asked Lora if it would be okay if Teddi gave Adam a lap dance for dessert. Adam and Lora agreed that it would be a great way to continue the evening, and to my surprise Teddi was all for it. I thought it would be exciting to see my wife turn another guy on. She is very sexy, but I figured she'd give him a PG-rated version. I couldn't have been more mistaken.

While Teddi went to put on something special, Lora, Adam, and I prepared the living room by turning off the lights, lighting the fireplace, and putting on some music. Adam sat in the middle of the couch flanked by Lora and me. When Teddi came back into the living room, she looked incredible in a black G-string and sheer top. She started dancing for me first, and as she ground herself into my lap, she

whispered, "I'm doing all this for you." She then moved over to Adam, and, shyly at first, started to writhe her body all over his. She warmed up when Lora began making requests. My wife did a slow strip, then ground her pussy into Adam's crotch and shoved her tits in his face. When she was through, I figured the show was over, but she was just getting started.

Announcing that ice cream was being served, Teddi, now nude, took a bowl over to Lora. Teddi pulled off Lora's shirt, smeared some ice cream on her tits, and told Adam to lick it off. I followed suit and went for the other nipple. After we'd licked a few helpings off Lora, it was Teddi's tits' turn to be coated with ice cream. Lora did the honors, and Adam and I helped ourselves. Then Lora applied more ice cream to Teddi's tits, only this time Lora licked it off. Adam and I soon joined her for a couple more rounds, and Teddi was in another world. Being the fair player she is, Teddi wanted to do the same for Lora. After Teddi licked her share of ice cream off Lora's boobs, both women decided it was the men's turn.

We were told to lie down on an old bedspread and close our eyes—so, as Teddi explained, we wouldn't know who was blowing us. I knew my wife could be hot and uninhibited if she would just let herself go, but I'd only dreamed of this. Ice cream was smeared on both our cocks, and soon a warm mouth began sucking and licking it off. It felt incredible, but I was rather curious to see whose mouth and tongue was doing me. Then a stifled giggle came from my wife.

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Since my partner was on my right and the laugh was on my left, I knew my wife was blowing Adam. I could hear them switch, and more ice cream and licking commenced.

Then Teddi told us to open our eyes. I whispered to Teddi, "Did you blow Adam first?" A playful smile accompanied a nod of her head. Then, while I watched, both women licked and sucked Adam's dick for a while, until I asked for equal time. Both ladies gave me some fantastic head, and then Teddi let Lora do me alone so that Adam and I could lick Teddi's tits.

I noticed while Lora was sucking me that one of her hands was stroking Teddi's pussy. I spread Teddi's legs so Lora was centered between them. Adam and I watched as Lora went down on my wife with fervor. With Adam and me licking and sucking Teddi's tits, and Lora giving her pussy a workout, my straitlaced wife was totally enjoying her first bisexual experience. She was in bliss as three tongues worked her over. Teddi sucked our cocks in alternation as Lora continued to eat her out. When Lora quit, she moved up and gave Teddi a wet kiss, then lay down for us two guys to feast on her nipples. While we were doing this, my wife got up, positioned herself between Lora's thighs, and licked Lora's pussy as if she had often done this before. In the course of two hours, Teddi had sucked another man's cock, licked another woman's tits, and had her first taste of another woman's snatch.

While Lora gave blowjobs to Adam and me, we watched as Teddi buried her face in Lora's cunt. When Lora said "Enough," it

was time for the finale. We placed our now well-lubricated women side by side and proceeded to give and get a good fucking. When everyone came, we all cuddled together and remarked how incredible and memorable this night was.

Will my wife do something like this again? Who knows?—

## Why Not?

My boyfriend Chase and I had just begun our afternoon cookout when my good friend Brittany dropped by. Chase grilled the steaks while Brittany and I set the table and opened a bottle of wine. Dinner was great. Chase always does the steaks to perfection. Brittany and I played a little foot tag under the table, and one time I felt her sneak a quick feel between my legs. I pushed her away, but winked as I did.

Chase said he would take care of the dishes if we would take the top off the hot tub and get into our swim suits. As we looked through my bikinis, Brittany reached in the drawer and pulled out a pair of yellow Victoria's Secret panties. "How about these?" she said. I thought for a minute, then reached in and got myself the light blue pair. "Sure, why not?"

Chase was still busy in the kitchen. We yelled for him to bring some drinks when he came out. He looked up as we went through the door. All he said was, "Wow."

Chase brought the drinks, climbed into the hot tub, and sat between us. He couldn't hide the boner he sported as he settled into the hot water.



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Brittany wasn't one to waste time. She pressed her lips to his and jammed her tongue deep into his mouth. I pressed my boobs against his arm and reached under the water to set his prick free. I've always loved the feel of his smooth prick. I gave him a slow handjob. He lifted his butt to meet my strokes.

Chase pulled back and turned to kiss me. I felt Brittany's hand on mine as we both played with him, taking turns fondling his balls. Brit's free hand was resting on my knee. I covered it with my own hand and urged her to move her fingers up. She didn't need any encouragement. She pulled my panties aside and slipped a finger into me. She gently flicked my clit.

Chase tilted his head back and closed his eyes. He was in heaven. With my free hand I gave Brittany's panties a little tug and slid them down and off her slim ankles. She pulled her finger from my pussy long enough to do the same for me. We let the panties float around in the hot tub as we worked on Chase.

I couldn't wait any longer; I needed some action. I sat on the side of the tub and said, "One of you has to take care of me before I explode." My legs were wide open. In a split second, Brittany's face was between my legs. Her tongue found my swollen clit. I pulled her to me and told her how good that felt. I started to close my eyes and really enjoy myself, but I didn't want to miss what Chase was going to do. He stood behind Brittany and pulled her ass up out of the water. He slowly slipped his cock into her, all the way up to

his balls. She moaned but never lost contact with my pussy.

When Chase started pounding harder, Brittany sucked my pussy harder. His eyes were glued to the back of her head as she brought me to the brink. I lost it. I squeezed my legs together, then let go. "Oh shit. Now I'm coming!" I cried out, rewarding her with my juices. Then Brittany screamed, and I knew Chase was filling her with his hot come.

Some time passed before we were able to settle down and enjoy the hot water. Brittany went to get fresh drinks. As she stepped out of the hot tub, we both got a good look at her beautiful ass, not to mention the tattoo that stopped just short of her crack. She grabbed a towel and headed into the house.

Chase said, "She sure doesn't waste any time getting down to it, does she?" I patted his semihard prick and said, "Do you think you can get that thing up for one more round?" He helped me out of the water and said, "Sure. Let's take it inside for Round 2."

Brittany was just finishing getting the drinks together when we came in. I pointed to the bedroom, and she fell in behind us. She and I stood facing each other. Chase told us to get comfortable as he slipped a movie into the VCR. It was a threesome porno. Chase went into the bathroom as Brittany and I crawled onto the big bed. We rolled around until I was on top of her, between her long legs. Our nipples touched as we ground our mounds together.



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Brittany told me she wanted to try something, and I was ready for anything her little heart desired. She scooted around so we were side by side. She slipped a leg between mine. We moved around until our pussies were touching, then we grabbed each other's hips and pulled until I felt my clit touching hers. We went slowly at first, but the more excited we got the harder and faster we moved. It was so fucking hot.

We continued to mash our pussies together until our moans drowned out the porno. I knew we were both close, so we gave one last pull. My cunt exploded into hers, and she was right there with me. Brittany's eyes were glazed over, and I'm sure mine looked the same way.

"That was something. Have you ever done that before?" I asked. "No, but you can bet it won't be the last," she said. "I came really hard. I could feel your come hitting my pussy, that was really something else." Brittany's fingers played across my boobs as we lay together.

Chase was nowhere in sight. Our camcorder was on, so I knew he hadn't missed a thing. Brittany stroked and licked my tits. She was getting me aroused again, but I wasn't sure I was up for another round. I pulled her up, gave her a quick peck on the lips, and said, "Are you seriously thinking about going at it again? Because to tell the truth, I'm about pooped out."

"Okay," she said, "but you have to let me do one thing before we quit. I want to see how our come tastes mixed together."

I'll be damned if I'll be called a quitter, so I pressed my lips to hers and slipped my tongue into her mouth. She sucked my tongue in. I had no idea why that turned me on, but it did. But I was really tired, so I pulled my lips from hers and pushed her to her goal. She didn't waste any time. Her mouth covered my pussy. She dug her tongue into me and moved it all around, collecting all of my juices. She purred like a damn kitten as she sucked and kissed my pussy. Just when I thought she was finished, she pulled my clit between her lips.

Shit, here it comes again, I thought.

She knew just what to do. I grabbed her head, pressed it to me, and came yet again. "I'm coming again, Brittany," I said. "Damn, I love it so much." I felt myself pulsing as she pulled my pussy lips into her hungry mouth. That was it: I pushed her away and sat up. "I've had enough, babe," I said. "It's been wonderful, and I really want to do again that thing we did earlier, but I think I'm done for the evening."

She smiled and said, "To tell you the truth, I was done earlier, but I just love making it with you so much that I had to go one last time."

I laughed and said, "I'll take your word for it."

That's when we noticed Chase. He was standing there with camcorder in hand. Brittany laughed and said, "Oh boy, home movies next time." We giggled and went into the kitchen for another drink, buck naked.—



Laura G.  
Signature

## MALE HEALTH & FITNESS

### SMART SEX

When I'm around, the conversation—as if given the go-ahead by my profession—very often turns to the most private aspects of sex, and so it was no surprise that a dinner guest one recent evening raised a topic rarely broached in public: pubic hair. Thick bush or silky smooth. That was the choice posed around the table.

Stephen, while slicing through his veal, was quick to answer "I vote for a close shave" Jon, himself hirsute, was just as quick to voice the opposite taste "There's nothing like a natural woman."

With that before us,

I encouraged exploring the reasons. It's not enough to know what you like in a woman, but *why*.

A woman's tasteful pubic trim can be just as suggestive of good hygiene, self-esteem, and sexiness as a man's well-trimmed beard. A common psychological association is that letting her hair grow suggests a woman will also let her hair down. Be freer in bed and do things that other women might not. "Yeah, like better oral sex." Jon piped up.

However, one's assumptions do not always predict the way a woman will act. There are also practical benefits. Smooth skin *feels* good and enhances sensitivity. When a woman's naked vaginal lips rub together, she can get

very aroused. Hair tastes are cultural. Middle East tradition lets nature take its course, hairwise Europeans are similarly famous for growing au naturel, but are also known for the most advanced methods of depilation. Styles change over time, says Earl Miller who notes that full-push vogue has given way to the "Tight, trim, and tidy" look of a V-shaped patch of hair over exposed lips and unusual shapes like birds' wings 'I hate those big red bumps between girls' legs that they get from shaving." said Jon.

"I've gotten those stubbles before." Stephen chipped in. "so I first do a touch test on a girl between the legs to find out whether my penis or chin will get scratched.'

"What else can women do besides shaving" the guys asked. They were pleased to hear about waxing and agreed to encourage any girlfriends to do it. Though they winced at my description of how it's done. Hot wax is applied to those delicate areas and then yanked off. "It stings at first but you get used to it and the results are worth it, since the hair grows back less and softer over time."

I informed them from personal experience, citing how years ago I'd gotten into trouble answering honestly when a radio caller asked me about this subject



*Karma* *Conversations*

## *Kama Sensations*

Jon was excited at the idea of pouring hot wax on his lady. But don't confuse sex- play with preening. Send your girlfriend to a professional. The cost (as high as \$65 in a salon) is worth it.

Get erotic by talking about what shape you like. Do you want to see a triangle, or a landing strip'

Brazilian waxing removes hair around the anus as well. After this procedure, some women feel more confident spreading not only their legs but their buttocks for their man.

Another hot trend that can boost your woman's confidence is microdermabrasion. California-based cosmetician Nancy Stillwell says that an increasing number of women are using this new

technique to get rid of ingrown hairs from shaving, plus unsightly bumps, stretch marks, and scars "They tell me their sex lives get dramatically better," says Stillwell, who advises serums, not creams, to maintain a silkier, sexy feel Another new vogue waxing for men. A process Miller says male models commonly do. But hold on to your pubes, guys, women may get off on stroking a bald head, but a bald crotch has not yet totally caught on .

*"Smooth skin feels good and enhances sensitivity. When a woman's naked vaginal lips rub together, she can get very aroused."*



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# ONLINE HUMOR

## ALLIGATOR BLONDE

A guy walks into a bar with a pet alligator by his side. He takes the animal off its leash, puts it up on the bar, turns to the nervous patrons, and says, "I'll make you a deal. I'll open this alligator's mouth and place my genitals inside. Then the gator will close his mouth for one minute. He'll then open his mouth, and I'll remove my unit unscathed. In return for witnessing this spectacle, each of you will buy me a drink." The crowd, astonished by the man's claims and eager to see what will happen, murmurs its approval.

The man stands up on the bar, drops his trousers, and places his privates in the alligator's mouth. The gator closes its mouth as the crowd gasps. After a minute the man grabs a beer bottle and raps the alligator hard on the top of its head. The gator opens his mouth and the man removes his genitals unscathed as promised. The crowd cheers and the first round of drinks is delivered to him.

The man stands up again and makes another offer. "I'll pay \$100 to anyone who's willing to give it a try." A hush falls over the crowd, and the man worries there won't be any takers.

After a while a hand goes up in the back of the room. A blonde woman timidly speaks up: "I'll try, but you have to promise not to hit me on the head with the beer bottle."

## HEADLINES FROM THE MEDIA

MARIJUANA ISSUE SENT TO A JOINT COMMITTEE —  
GATORS TO FACE SEMINOLES WITH PETERS OUT —

## SPORTS AND EMPLOYMENT: AN INTERESTING OBSERVATION

The sport of choice for the urban poor is basket-ball.

The sport of choice for maintenance-level employees is bowling.

The sport of choice for front-line workers is football.

The sport of choice for supervisors is baseball.

The sport of choice for middle management is tennis.

The sport of choice for corporate officers and professionals is golf.

The amazing conclusion is that the higher you are in the corporate structure, the smaller your balls become.

## CORKED ARAB

Two Arabs go to the gym to play racquetball. After their game, they hit the locker room. While showering, one notices that the other has a huge cork stuck in his butt.

"If you do not mind my asking," says the observant Arab, "that cork looks very uncomfortable. Why do you not take it out?"

"Because I cannot," says the first Arab sadly. "It is permanently stuck there."

"I do not understand," says the other.

"It happened like this," says the corked Arab. "I was walking along the beach and I tripped over an oil lamp. There was a puff of smoke, and then a huge old man in American-flag attire with a white beard and top hat came oozing out. He said, 'I am Uncle Sam, the genie. I can grant you one wish.' I said, 'No shit.'

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# RIMES

When a big Aussie chick, Jane Wunder,  
farted, it sounded like thunder.

But oh, what the hell,  
I don't mind the smell,  
for she does such great work down under.

There was a Zen maiden and she,  
in observing the Tao of feng shui, said,  
“I find it best to aim my twat west  
when screwing or taking a pee.”

A nympho cheerleader, Kate Beam,  
accomplished her favorite dream.  
For the big halftime show  
she managed to blow  
the coach and the whole football team

A philosopher known as Sartre  
said, “Life is not really an art.  
It’s unfair and obscene—  
you can start as a bean  
and end up no more than a  
fart.”



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